

PHYSICIANS VISIT THE NEW HOSPITAL

Dr. Percy G. Smith Gives
Reception at Home for
Tuberculosis.

Dr. Percy G. Smith, superintendent of the tuberculosis hospital, yesterday gave to the physicians of Washington, officials, and others interested, a reception in the new building. More than 250 accepted the invitation to inspect the institution, which, though erected at a cost of only \$100,000, is regarded as a model of its kind. Accommodation is provided for 120 patients, 40 of whom it is expected will enter the hospital Monday.

The visitors were conducted through the building by Dr. Smith and the corps of nurses and attendants. Both superintendent and Dr. George M. Kober, who designed the building and was largely instrumental in its erection, were the recipients of many congratulations.

Among those who inspected the hospital were: Commissioner Macfarland, Dr. W. A. White, of the Government Hospital for the Insane; Dr. Thomas Grady, Dr. F. E. Harrington, Dr. D. Percy Hickling, Dr. A. B. Howe, Dr. V. B. Jackson, Dr. George M. Kober, Dr. John Van Rosse, Dr. John Thomas, Dr. C. W. Richards, Dr. Lewis J. Battle, Dr. E. H. Behrend, Dr. R. S. Blackburn, Dr. J. W. Brown, Dr. T. A. Clayton, Dr. G. Wyeth Cooke, Dr. H. B. Deale, Dr. Johnson Elliott, Dr. E. G. Seibert, and Dr. W. L. Robbins.

SIMPLEST METHODS OF HEALING WOUNDS

Hot Water, Carbolic Acid, and
Carbolated Vaseline Often
Effective.

When a fleshhook is caught in the flesh, if it is embedded beyond the reach, no attempt should be made to withdraw it, but the point should be moved forward until it emerges from the skin, when it may be cut off by means of a file or pair of pliers, and the balance of the hook withdrawn; or the line may be detached, the eye cut off, and the whole hook pushed through the tissue.

If a crocheting hook has been thrust into the flesh—a not uncommon accident—no attempt should be made to withdraw it directly, but a large knitting needle or darning needle should be introduced alongside of it and placed against the hook, when both may be drawn out together without inflicting further injury.

Punctured wounds should be treated by means of hot fomentations, of poultices or compresses of tepid water. Torn or contused wounds heal much more slowly than do punctured wounds. Torn wounds should be thoroughly cleansed, and the injured parts drawn together by means of adhesive plasters and bandages.

Care must be taken not to employ too strong compression. Either water dressing or lint saturated with sweet oil containing ten drops of carbolic acid to the ounce may be employed. If the parts have been badly bruised, hot fomentations should be applied.

Heat is essential in cases in which considerable portions of tissue have been nearly severed from the body, but have retained a sufficient amount of attachment to justify the attempt to secure union.

For contused wounds, carbolated vaseline, spread on pieces of thin cloth, constitutes an excellent dressing. It has a disposition of the injured part to become gangrenous or to slough, the parts should be kept immersed in water as hot as can be borne for a time, or treated with fomentations.

USES FOR PLASTER OF PARIS.
Did housewives know the many uses that this article can be put to they would find it a panacea of many worries.

This substance is properly known as gypsum and has adhesive qualities that can hardly be surpassed, and is used generally to put together statues that have been cast out of the same substance and out of chalk.

It can be used to patch up a break in a molding and can be formed into the same design as the original if the one using it is deft with fingers.

In putting together crockery it is quite indispensable, for when a crack has a large place broken off it is worth while putting together.

Leaks and cracks in fountains and water troughs might easily be doctored by putting in some of this plastic substance and allowing it to dry thoroughly before turning on the water.

Where a large and valuable picture frame has been chipped it is easy to fill up the spot with plaster Paris, smooth over carefully, then after thorough drying, an application of gold paint is put on to match the rest of the frame.

Holes in the wall might be filled up with plaster of Paris. Mold a little lump to fill the hole, smooth it over with a trowel to smooth it over nicely.

The housewife finds it discouraging to attempt to drive a nail into the wall and find that the nail strikes a spot that is not solid.

The nail can easily be extracted, the hole filled up with plaster and while it is still wet the nail put into place, allowing the substance to harden about it.

There is hardly any need to say that she can hang upon the nail a pretty picture without the least doubt as to the good result which will be attained.

Little mantelpiece figures and statuettes might easily be repaired with this substance, and any missing piece might easily be supplied by filling up the empty space and molding it into the shape of the missing part.

EGGS IN HOT WEATHER.
Eggs as well as people quickly lose their freshness in hot weather, so care must be taken lest a supply spoil before it can be eaten.

It is well in summer to buy eggs in smaller quantities. Also see that they are absolutely fresh at the start.

Remember that egg shells are porous and quickly absorb impurities. Often the dealer is blamed for the cook's carelessness in putting eggs away unwashed in a place where cheese, cabbage or melons are.

As soon as eggs come from market put them in a covered stone crock or a tin kettle, with airtight lid, and set them in the lower part of the refrigerator.

IN SEMI-PRINCESSE STYLE



By MAY MANTON.

The semi-princesse dress, or the dress that consists of a blouse and a skirt joined by bands of insertion or other belt, is one of the favorites of the season and it is so charming and so attractive that it seems likely to gain indefinite favor. This one includes an oddly shaped yoke, which is made of tucking, while the material itself is dotted Swiss. It is simple yet graceful and becoming and does not involve any great amount of labor. Before joining the blouse and the skirt it is necessary only to make each separately and to baste the skirt to a belt, then to gather the blouse on the waist line and to adjust the skirt over the blouse on the wearer. When the belt is basted to position it becomes a quite easy matter to stitch it into place and to cover with insertion and to cut the material away beneath.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3 1/2 yards of material 24, 2 1/2 yards 22 or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 1/4 yard of tucking, 8 yards of insertion; for the skirt 5 1/2 yards 24, 9 1/2 yards 22, 8 1/2 yards 44 with 1 1/2 yards of insertion.

Embroidered Cretonne Effective; Can Be Used for Jackets and Kimonos

Cretonne seems to be a very desirable material not only for hat trimmings, but for evening coats and jumpers. It is a material that will wear a very long time; it will clean or wash, and it is extremely effective.

For all this, women have complained that it looks too much like curtains and furniture covering—but this is not the case when it is embroidered. Think of the opportunity! The coloring and design are already there; all it needs is a little outlining in a glossy silk or gold thread.

Select a design containing flowers of a reasonable size, for monstrosities are not artistic. If the principal flower is a rose, outline it in gold thread, the leaves and stems in silk, and let each object be outlined in the silk that exactly matches it.

The work is not difficult, nor is it hard on the eyes; it takes little or no time, and is the ideal embroidery for those moments when sewing is only an occupation of the hands while gossip is really the order of the day! It requires no imagination to put a few stitches around a design, so one's mind will

not be in any way diverted from the delicious stories of the neighbors told in a hushed voice by one's best friend!

What a charming three-quarter evening jacket can be made of cretonne! When it is cut on the cretonne plan and bound in wide gold braid. But how much handsomer it would be if the larger flower of the design were outlined in gold, while the rest of the design had a faint sashen seen around the edge.

As the cretonne cretonne needs a vest, a beauty could be made of cream satin edged with a wall-of-roy in narrow gold braid. Could any coat court more admiration than such a one?

An embroidered cretonne kimono jacket would be even easier to make. That is, he bound in satin of the darkest shade shown in the cretonne design and it should fasten with three satin frogs. For less than a dollar, a cretonne design may be discarded for a design in violet shades. Purple is an Oriental color, and the binding would be handsome in the shade. This last is far easier to make than the coat of cretonne style, for it is cut in one piece—sleeves and all—and the lining is where. Its lines are much like those in the coat of cretonne style, however, the sleeves must be of one piece, however, while the pajamas they are seen in just below the shoulder.

"I always select some particular scent that seems to go best with my frock. If I am going downtown in the morning, I take either carnation or apple blossom. If it is a little cooler and I am wearing a light dress, I use the geranium, or possibly the lilac. I never take the violet for the morning wear."

"I also keep white for the afternoon, and usually take the lilac only at that time. They both go best with the white linen or lace dresses one is likely to wear then."

"For the evenings I use one of the many kinds of violet. They are heavier and more suited, it always seems to me, to the artificial gaiety of the evenings in restaurants or the theaters."

"Collecting these various scents is a delightful diversion, even if you don't try to wear them all at appropriate times, as I do. It does become rather tedious after a while, for I cannot go into a drug store nowadays without feeling my eyes involuntarily wander about a center of a flower or along the vein of a leaf. It's the other flavors that have the distinctive odors."

FURNITURE HER FAD.
There is one bachelor girl here in the city who has some beautiful pieces of antique furniture which she renovated herself. She first removed every particle of dust, dirt, and old varnish, getting right down to the surface. This was done with a scraper and wood alcohol to soften the varnish. After the varnish was removed, the wood was sandedpaper to smooth surface. Four coats of finishing varnish were required, and after each became thoroughly dry, the furniture was rubbed lightly with fine sandpaper. After the last coat of varnish was dried for two days, hotted linsed oil was rubbed on the treated surfaces with a soft cloth. One could hardly believe but what the work had been done by an expert.

JAPANESE COTTON CREPE.
A new fabric that is making life easier for travelers and women who do their own laundry work is Japanese cotton crepe. It can be bought by the yard where formerly it came over here only in waists and made up or pattern robes. The crepe comes in white and colors and has the advantage of needing little if any ironing. For useful little waists for the traveler there is nothing more satisfactory for this reason. If worse comes to worse such a waist may be washed out in a bowl, dried before a center of a flower or along the vein of a leaf. It's the other flavors that have the distinctive odors.

Very effective embroidery may be done on this crepe in Japanese patterns that go quickly. Cherry and plum blossoms with half conventional foliage are worked on such waists in Japan in something not unlike the much used Wallachian stitch, which is buttonholed from a center of a flower or along the vein of a leaf. White work on blue and other shades is a great deal used.

The material is hand woven. Waists and frocks made of it are very light in weight and do not crush with packing. Colors are fast.

OF WHITE LINEN.
For a white linen suit there is shown a good pattern in the Gibson shirt waist style, with one plait over the shoulders and a narrow buttoned plait down the center of the waist. The front and back are severely plain, with a little fullness at the waist line. The skirt is a three-quarter length, the front going being finished down the entire length of the left side with a row of pearl buttons placed about three inches apart, or similar to those on the waist. A neat hem of three inches is the only decoration on the skirt. Long sleeves, showing moderately deep cuffs, a high collar, with a neat embroidery bow, complete all features of the stylish walking suit.

Twice She Faints, Unable to Speak or Nudge Sister Beside Her.

SPRINGFIELD, June 27.—Awaking suddenly to see a man crouching by the side of her bed and mechanically drawing herself up from the pillows until her own face almost brushed that of the mysterious intruder, Miss George Ames, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Dr. Robert P. Ames, of 36 Seventh street, was so frightened by a burglar that she fell back in a swoon, unable to cry out to her sister slumbering peacefully at her side. The man got away with \$2.00 in jewelry and silverware.

Shortly after the girl recovered herself only to fall into another faint when she saw the shadow of the man moving about in the room of her mother, where the gas was burning dim.

It was almost 7 o'clock in the morning that Miss Ames came running to her mother, crying, "Look in your jewel boxes. We've been robbed by a man with a black face."

Finding it true, Mrs. Ames roused her husband, who started downstairs to see what happened to the valuables there. The maid was just coming up to inform him that every piece of silverware except a silver cake basket was gone. He cleared the burglar effect entrance and exit that the police are baffled to explain his procedure.

George Ames says it was about 1 o'clock that she heard a strange clicking sound somewhere about the house. Opening her eyes, she spied the crouching shape of a man at her bedside. "The man was crouching by my side, and I saw the shadow of the man moving about in the room of my mother, where the gas was burning dim."

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BURGALAR PARALYZES GIRL WITH FRIGHT

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ATTIC GETS THOROUGH CLEANING. BUT ANNE SELLS TROUSERS HUSBAND LIKED BEST.

One of the hardest of the housekeeper's tasks is to keep trash from accumulating in her home. If she is a wise woman she starts out with the determination that nothing shall find a place there which is not of immediate and practical use, and yet when she goes to work to put her domicile in order for the summer, a few short months later, she finds, to her great surprise, that closets and store-rooms and pantries are filled with a mass of unused articles which will never probably be of value to any one.

Quite recently a friend of mine who was about to start for her summer home decided that now or never was the moment for a great clearing out. She began her work in the attic, where she discovered a trunk, doubly docked and fastened, besides, with two sturdy straps, the property of her maiden aunt.

"What is in this trunk, Aunt Eliza?" she asked that lady, who had followed her at a distance, evidently in some preparation as to the result of this onslaught.

"Some very valuable property," replied Aunt Eliza with dignity. "Do you mind opening it?" asked the niece. "You see, it has stood here unopened for five years, and it seems to me if its contents are valuable you should be using them, and if they are not the trunk could be pressed into service for blankets or some such thing."

Aunt Eliza said resolutely that, of course, if Anne felt that way about it there was nothing to do but look inside, and her niece said as plainly as anything could be expected from this graceless generation.

Only Two Old Coverlets.
The trunk was opened therefore and was found to contain—two old and moth-eaten coverlets, which in their palmy days must have cost as much as a dollar apiece.

Aunt Eliza's face, when these were brought to light, was a study in confusion. "If I am to be asked to do something else in there," she said feebly as she disappeared with the coverlets in the direction of the ragbag, followed by Anne's mocking and disrespectful laughter.

In this attic, which has been cleaned out each year, there was everything but an elephant, Anne says. There was an armful of old-fashioned shoes, which was probably made of cat fur; a gown of moire antique, which had once been the property of a grandmother and had been kept from year to year with the idea that eventually it would be made over into some article of apparel by one of her descendants; a bushel of old letters; 100 pairs of old stockings, in need of darning which they seemed never likely to receive; shoes which had been worn by her mother, and a collier and had been put by for a rainy day; men's clothes for which the "ole man" had been paid; a pair of lace, ribbon, silk, and woolen gowns; old rugs, old and broken down chairs; old—but what is the use? Almost every household has its attic.

Anne girded up her own gown and went for the mass. She gave away right and left, what she could find anyone to take. For the remainder she hired a cart and had it taken to a suburb and there surreptitiously thrown upon a dump.

Her Husband's Voice.
Then she went back to the attic and sat upon one of the chairs which she had allowed to remain because it could be mended, and looked about her proudly and thought what an extremely good housekeeper she was.

She was still seated when she heard her name called in frenzied accents below stairs. And the voice was the voice of her husband.

"Coming," cried Anne, and went below.

"Anne," said her husband, "where is that pair of gray striped trousers I used to wear with my frock coat?"

Anne's gaze rolled wildly about the room before she answered. "They were very old, she murmured feebly. "Old, no," replied her husband rudely. "I bought them in January and paid \$1 for them, and have hardly worn them half a dozen times."

"They looked old to me," murmured "Then you've seen them?" eagerly. "I have! I saw them," said Anne in a fine burst of truthfulness. "It seemed to me I had seen those things hanging about here for the last hundred years, and I sold them for 25 cents."

"I have read of such outrages in the comic papers, but I never believed they were true," said Anne's husband solemnly. "I never owned a pair of trousers which fitted me so well as those I never had a pair which I liked as much. I adored those trousers, and their loss leaves me inconsolable."

He flounced out of the room, and Anne was still palpitating from the result of this encounter when Aunt Eliza came to where she sat. "Anne," she said to the niece, "did you see the deed to the farm?"

"Deed to the farm?" echoed Anne. "What are you talking about, Aunt Eliza?"

"The deed to the farm in Fauquier county. It was among the papers in the mahogany box in the attic, and it's all right if you did not touch that, but if you did—"

Farm Mortgage.
"I thought that box had love letters in it, and only love letters," said poor Anne.

"It did hold epistles my sisters and I received from suitors in our younger days, but it had also the deed to the farm and the record of the mortgage I hold on another place."

"Will you tell me why they were not in your box at the office of the trust company?" demanded Anne.

"Why? I thought they were just as safe in the old mahogany box, for of course I did not know you were going to get that cleaning fit on you—and the safe deposit box is full of the first fit shoes you wore, and your brother's golden curls, and precious things of the sort."

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Seasonable Jottings

The straw suit case, with its bulging sides, is again on its travels. "Where are you going this summer?" is the question of the hour. Every baggage-laden man has his camera with him, and he will leave nothing un-snap-shot that comes his way.

Skating rinks are closed, but there is still diablo to amuse the young ladies.

All the street pianos have not yet migrated to the summer resorts, and there is at least one left which plays "Lead, Kindly Light" firmly and resolutely in front of each saloon it sees.

The drinks made up at the soda fountain are more fearfully and wonderfully constructed than ever before, and one can buy everything from an American Beauty Soda to a "Widow's Kiss."

Some of these rare days in June are rather too well baked to be comfortable.

box are burned up," said Anne, when her aunt has ceased, "but I